45

A NEW IGNORAMUS:

Being the second New SONG.

To the same Old Tune, *Law lyes a Bleeding.*

16 Dec. 1681

[1]

SInce *Popish* Plotters,
Join'd with *Bogg-Trotters*,
Sham-Plots are made as fast, as Pots are form'd by Potters
Against these Furies
There no such Cure is,
As what our Law provides, our True and Loyal *Juries*.
The Action and Paction
That breeds our Distraction,
Is secretly Contrived by the Popish Faction.
Who sham us and flam us,
Trepan us, and damn us,
And then grow enraged when they hear Ignoramus.

[2]

Traytors are rotten,
Yet not forgotten,
Nor *Meal Tub* Devices, which never well did Cotten.
At ev'ry Season
Inventing Treason,
And *Shams* that none believed that had or Sense or Reason
With fetches and stretches,
These notorious Wretches
Would get Loyal Subjects into their Bloody Clutches.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[3]

If wicked *Tories*
Could pack their *Juries*, [Stories
That would believe Black, White, and all their Lying
Then by Art *Stygian*
Whigg's prov'd a Widgeon, [ligion.
And should be Hang'd for Plotting against the *Popes* Re-
They'd hear a, and swear a
Thing that was as meer a
Gross Lye as e'r was told, and find it *Billa vera.*
Then sham us, and flam us, &c.

[4]

This IGNORAMUS,
For which they blame us,
And to the Pit of Hell, so often Curse and Damn us,
Are men by Tryal,
Honest and Loyal,
And for their King and Country ready are to Die all,
They show it, and Vow it,
Honest men do know it,
Their Loyalty they hold, and never will forgoe it.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[5]

At the *Old-Baily*
Where men don't dally, [*Staley*,
And Traytors oft are Try'd, as *Coleman*, *Whitebread*,
Was late Indicted,
Witnesses cited,
A Loyal Protestant, who spight of Rogues was Righted,
Offences commences
'Gainst all mens Senses,
'Cause the honest Jury believed not Evidences.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[6]

For which a Villain
Who for Ten Shilling
To Hang a Protestant shall be found very willing,
Now at this Season
And without Reason,
Shall call the Jury Traytors, and the Law make Treason:
In fashion is Passion,
Curses and Damnation, [tion.
How quiet should we be, were Rogues sent to their Sta-
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[7]

'Las what is Conscience
Ith' *Jesuites* own Sence, [sence.
For the *Church* one may Lye, and forswear without of-
Now what a Lurry,
Keeps barking *Tory*,
'Cause he is not able the Innocent to whorry!
Doth wrangle and brangle,
'Cause he cannot intangle,
Nor bring honest *Tony* to the Block or Triangle.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[8]

I'le tell you What, Sir,
You must go Plot, Sir,
And get better Witnes e'r Wise Men go to Pot Sir,
When such abettors,
Protestant haters, [Traytors;
Would damn their Souls to Hell to make them wicked
We mind it and wind it,
And are not now blinded,
For what we now reject, no honest *Jury* 'le find it,
They sham us, and flam us,
They ram us and damn us,
When, according to the Law, we find IGNORAMUS.

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